

Licking Valley Courier.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Published for the People Now on Earth and Printed for Them Every Thursday.

Always Cash in Advance.

VOLUME 12. NO. 35.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1922.

WHOLE NUMBER 607.

THE INDEX STORE

Will Give Away, during the next 90 days, \$75 Kitchen Cabinet.

With every dollar's worth of merchandise purchased from us during that time you get a key. The holder of the key that fits gets the cabinet.

Our line of merchandise will be kept complete all the time.

We are going to sell you cheaper goods the next 90 days, and our percentage of profit will be small.

New customers, come and try us one time. Our old customers believe to their own satisfaction that we can sell more and better goods for less money than they can buy elsewhere. You can save from 10 to 15 per cent on every dollar you spend with us.

Our line of Clothing, Shoes, Oxfords, Millinery, Bob Caps and Hats is complete. Odd pants, odd coats.

Try a genuine Palm Beach suit at 12.50, cut on the new spring model.

We will give you the highest price for your poultry and eggs.

NEXT SATURDAY IS MASTER PHONOGRAPH DAY!

Our mill will only run six days a week.

Try a sack of Snow Flake flour, the best in the world.

Our moving picture how will be in operation by June 1st.

PROMPT SERVICE—QUALITY MERCHANDISE
LOWEST PRICES.

S. S. OLDFIELD, Manager

OFFICE CAT



(Edited by AL)

"When you are trying to kiss a girl—
"Yes?"
"And she says you are stronger than she is—
"Well?"
"Is that a hint to stop or go on?"

A GOOD CAR

Radiator leaks, body squeaks, hole in the top where the rain comes through, you know he was raised in the city—

FASHION STORE.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

We are displaying the most complete line of Ladies' Furnishings ever shown in West Liberty.

Ready-to-wear dresses of all kinds. Perfect "dreams" in suits and coats. Latest styles and perfect tailoring.

If you want to have your dresses made we have the very latest patterns in Canton crepe, crepe de chine taffeta, tissue ginghams, foulard and other dress goods. All colors.

These goods were selected this spring and all are the very latest styles.

Come in and let us show you the swellest line of ladies furnishings ever shown here.

Sincerely,
D. R. KEETON.

RED CLOVER ALFALFA ALSIKE TIMOTHY BLUE GRASS

Brents Premium Seeds

You can't keep 'em down

They Will Come Up

Your HOME MERCHANT will supply you

The C. S. Brent Seed Co.

Ask for Catalogue.

Lexington, Ky.

SEED OATS CANE GARDEN SEED POTATOES ONION SETS

MOTOR BUS LINE

WEST LIBERTY—INDEX

Meets all O. & K. trains. Excellent Passenger Service.

Freight hauling carefully attended to.

J. HENRY COLE, PROPRIETOR

Another example of our luck is that every time the political pot boils we have to tote wood for it.

Divorce may not be unmixing evil, but we would if any woman ought to marry at every church in town.

Requirement is complied with without fail. Sign in office of New York Insurance company.

Will Hayes is going to suspect the Hollywood movies. Let his wife go along.

"Why is your wife so jealous of your stenographer?"
"She used to be my stenographer."

SHE KNEW A HOG

A woman was waiting to buy a ticket for a concert when a man bumped into her. She glared at him feeling it was done intentionally.

"Well," he growled, "you needn't eat me up."

"You are perfectly safe," she said. "I am a Jewess."

S. H. McGuire says the job doesn't make the man; it's the big man who makes the big job.

FARM WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of a farm for sale, for full delivery. Give lowest price. L. Jones. Box 551, Olney, Ill.

WE Have Two Phones.

Say, friends, we have phones on both lines, and we could make the Courier more interesting if you would call us up and give us any item of news you feel would be of interest to our readers. If you have visitors or are making a visit, or have returned from a visit, or give a dinner or a party, call us up and tell us about it. We will appreciate it and it will help us make the paper more readable.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Asked to explain the difference between a journalist and an editor, a Georgian school boy wrote: "A journalist is a man who writes for the newspapers. An editor is a man who leaves out what the journalist writes."

Peter Smith, of Jephtha, was a business visitor in town Saturday.

John L. Brooks, of Omer, was a business visitor in town Wednesday.

Sherman Lewis was at Pump Sunday to see his mother, who is reported to be very ill.

If you are feeling badly, put your troubles away by taking Tangle, Edgar Cochran and Co.

L. P. Haney, prominent merchant of Nickell, was in town Tuesday and paid the Courier office a call.

Have you seen the pretty ladies' hats in R. M. Oakley's store? Everything for ladies, misses and children.

Custer Jones, Cashier of the Morgan County National Bank, at Canal City was here for county court Monday.

W. H. Stacey, of Caney, was in town the first of the week on business connected with his deputy sheriff's office.

Turner Hamilton, deputy sheriff, of Silver Hill, was in town Monday to sell some land that he had advertised to sell for taxes.

E. G. Wells moved to the property formerly owned by him on Wells Hill. Ed says that he has moved four times in one year.

A. J. Friley, of Whitley, was a business visitor in town Wednesday and called at the Courier office for a supply of deeds.

Jim Frank Lewis, of Vocaun, passed through here Tuesday for Magoffin county. He will move to the farm of John Howard.

Noah Hughes, deputy sheriff, of Pampas, was in town Monday to sell some land for taxes and called in and renewed his subscription.

I. W. Hays, of Fannin, was in town the first of the week, and called and subscribed for the Courier. Mr. Hays left a bid with the county authorities for the construction of the bridge piers on Elk Fork.

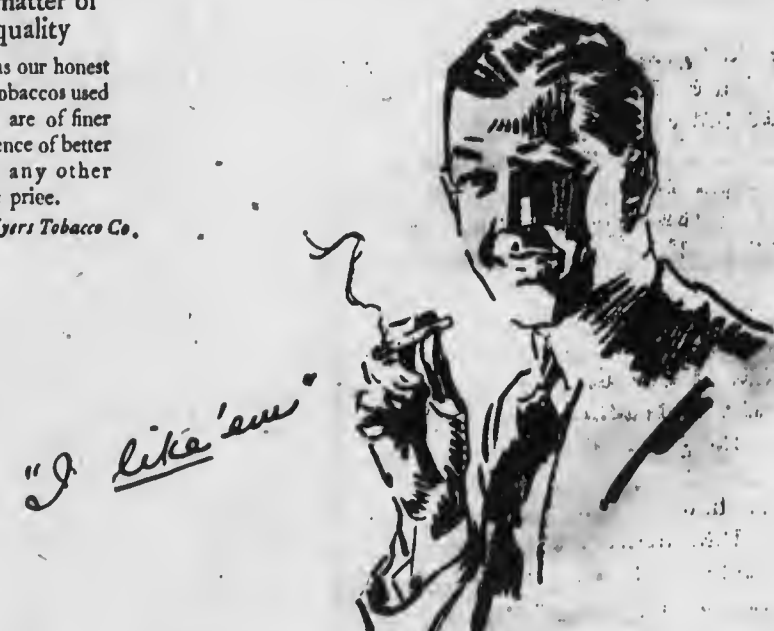
Tangle is well advertised, but advertising alone could not have produced Tangle's popularity. It had to have merit. Edgar Cochran and Co.

WANTED: Coal loaders. We assisted by Miss Bernice Davis and Miss Cara Carpenter. Those Clay mines twenty-five additional coal who attended were Mesdames W. G. enders. Pay 40c per ton for loading Bluff, C. D. Arnett, W. H. Sebastian, machine coal; 7c per bush for slate Floyd Arnett, H. V. Nickell, Frank Sarge. Four foot seam. Miss Steele, C. N. Nickell Will Wells, J. S. unning every day. Low store prices, Nickell, Mary E. Walsh, H. E. Whit. Good conditions. Apply in person to W. W. McGuire, Mart Elam, Charles Franklin, R. D. Sparks, H. W. Carpenter, and Misses Jennie Phillips and Josephine McGuire.

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobacco used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

20 for 18c
10 for 9c
Vacuum tins
of 50 - 45c

"I like 'em"
"They Satisfy"

Report of the condition of the
HAZEL GREEN BANK,

Doing business at the town of Hazel Green, county of Wolfe, State of Kentucky, at the close of business on the 15th day of March, 1922.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$186,650.55
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	578.90
Stocks, bonds and other securities	10,847.75
Due from banks	111,708.18
Cash on hand	7,055.27
Banking House, furniture and fixtures	2,000.00

Total \$228,773.71

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$13,000.00
Surplus fund	3,600.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and tax paid	813.50
Deposit subject to check	134,997.53
Time deposits	69,467.68
Certified checks	25.00

Total \$228,773.71

State of Kentucky, county of Wolfe, ss:
We, E. F. Cecil and Dorsey C. Rose President and Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

E. F. CECEL, President

DORSEY C. ROSE, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of March, 1922.

A. C. PIERATE, Notary Public.

My commission expires January 28th 1924.

W. S. Potts has moved back from Ixton and will be here for the present.

WORRIED HUSBANDS-- READ THIS

Gude's Pepto-Mangan is the Best Tonic for Nervous Tired out Wives

Is your wife "all tired out" and cross and irritable much of the time? Do the children "bother her to death" every day, and do the ordinary household tasks that she formerly performed with ease seem now to overtax her? In other words, do you often come home to a house of trouble instead of a house of joy and happiness?

If your answer is "yes" to these pointed questions, don't blame your wife until she has taken Gude's Pepto-Mangan with her meals for a few weeks. She is simply run-down and nervous and needs the kind of iron that she will get in Gude's Pepto-Mangan to give her more vitality and strength. For thirty years doctors have recommended Gude's Pepto-Mangan as a first-class building-up tonic. Sold by your druggist in both liquid and tablet form. Advertisement.

THE TEASDALE CO.
625-627 Walnut Street
Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. C. Sparks, of the insurance firm of Nickell & Sparks, dropped in Friday and had the Courier sent to his grandmother, Mrs. F. M. Hutchinson, at Elamton. Mr. Sparks says that his firm is doing a big business and that he can trace a great deal of it to their advertising in the Courier. He gave us several instances of their customers calling his attention to the fact that the advertising had caused them to take out policies.

PEOPLE FOR WHOM THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

Are always the most enthusiastic concerning the excellence of our DRY CLEANING AND DYEING. We have one of the most efficient Remodeling Departments in the country. Furs transformed into the mode very quickly. Men's and women's garments altered in any way desired.

We dye fur skins and remodel them in any way.

We tailor make men's or ladies' suits, 50.00 up. Latest styles. We pay \$2.50 railroad fare on every custom-made suit ordered from us.

Send goods parcel post. We have no agents.

THE TEASDALE CO.
625-627 Walnut Street
Cincinnati, Ohio.

H. C. Combs, of Greer, was a business visitor in town the first of the week.

LIGHT!

Cheapest and Best Home System

Why pay \$300 or more for a light plant when the Diamond costs only one-fourth? Burns kerosene or gasoline.

Let me show you.

J. J. JOHNSTON, Caney, Ky

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, - - - Always in advance.
Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Owner: Publishing Company.....Owners
BOYD & SON.....Publishers
L. T. HOVERMALE.....Editor and Manager
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE.....Local news Editor

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7 1/2 cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative, - The American Press Association.

Maybe that earthquake in Kentucky was due to the adjournment of the Legislature.

They have a "grape cure" in Tuscany, Italy. We used to have a "cure" for most ills, here in the U. S. A., but Mr. Volstead put a kink in that.

Ninety-eight per cent of the land in Alaska is under National control.—News item. Well, ninety-eight per cent of the land in the United States is under rent-hog control.

A Poughkeepsie, N. Y., pracher, in denouncing the dance, stated that at one dance 2,000 girls without corsets attended. If the preacher did not dance how the Sam Hill did he know the girls didn't have corsets?

The Dean of Brown University says that during thirty years with that institution he has met but two students who were liars. This is the first intimation we have had that the dean of a University never meets liars.

Burbank has produced a blackberry that is thornless. The cane is thornless and the berry is larger than the old kind with the "stickers" in the brier. But since we can not make blackberry "cordial" what use have we for the blackberry?

The "superphone" is an invention which is claimed will allow a number of conversations over the same line and prevent anyone hearing what you say except the fellow to whom you are talking. Gee! we wish that we had one to head off the women who use the line from here to Grassy.

With the Governor of Illinois tried for embezzlement, the Governor of Mississippi charged with criminal assault, and the Governor of Oklahoma charged with accepting a bribe, it seems that about the only class above suspicion is the country editor.

A mutton chop costs more at a hotel in New York than the whole sheep costs in Colorado. A good sized beefsteak costs as much in a Kentucky hotel as a beef steer on the farm, and the price of a pair of shoes will buy a half dozen beefhides. New York hasn't anything on us.

Miss Anna Louis Patrick, head of the Bureau of Educational Measurements, of Louisville, startled the people of that city a few days ago by stating that only 20 per cent of the people had good sense. Those of us who belong to the 20 per cent group will leave the dispute, if there should be one, to the 80 per cent crowd.

IS THERE A WAY OUT?

The Fiscal Court meets Wednesday after the fourth Monday in April, and will have to consider the matter of the indebtedness of the county.

The publication of the financial statements for the past four years shows that the county's indebtedness exceeded its income by about \$118,000.00. A greater part of that indebtedness is for bridges and for road construction. Legally, the county could not assume an indebtedness for an amount in excess of its revenue, and the present fiscal court is facing a problem of what to do in the matter. To arbitrarily repudiate the indebtedness would be to work a hardship on a great many, and would put most of the bridges back into the hands of the companies who erected them, and of course they would have the right to dismantle them and remove them. Yet, the fiscal court can not legally assume the indebtedness wholly.

There ought to be some way devised whereby the interests of the taxpayers can be protected and an equitable adjustment made with the people who have furnished material and money for the building of bridges and roads. A Solomon is needed to solve the problem.

ROADS AND THEIR BENEFIT.

In this late day it seems that there would be little necessity to urge the necessity of good roads, but in this part of the country the people have not awakened to the full realization of the benefits that are to be derived from first-class roads.

The Romans, in Caesar's time, realized the benefits of good roads, and some of the roads constructed more than two thousand years ago are models of road building and some of our boys who went to France in the great war traveled on some of the roads that Caesar built during the time that Rome reigned over all of southern Europe.

Good roads cost money—a great deal of money—and until the people become willing to pay for them we will be in the mud in eastern Kentucky. Transportation is the life of commerce and until the mountains wake up to the importance of good roads and build them we will be continually paying the added cost to all our efforts that is occasioned by bad roads. The added cost to all that we consume and the almost prohibition of marketing our products amounts annually to more than the cost of good roads. We are paying more than good roads would cost and not getting them.

The roads of Morgan are bad enough, but we have more bridges over our streams than any county in the mountains. Hardly a stream in the country that is large enough to hinder travel is without its bridges on the principal roads. These have cost money, but no citizen who uses them regrets that they were built.

"High taxes," did you say? Why, we do not pay any road tax, compared with the states that have good roads. In some of the counties in Indiana, Ohio and Iowa

they pay more tax on each hundred dollars worth of property for road purposes than we do for all purposes. In Clinton township, Putnam county, Indiana, the road tax is \$1.10 on the \$100 worth of property. But they have splendid roads and the citizens do not feel it a burden, but rather an investment.

The INDIAN DRUM

by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer



Copyright by Edwin Balmer

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Wealthy and highly placed in the Chicago business world, Benjamin Corvet is something of a reclusive and a mystery to his associates. After a stormy interview with his partner, Henry Spearman, Corvet seeks Constable Sherill, daughter of his other business partner, Lawrence Sherill, and secures from her a promise not to marry Spearman. He then disappears. Sherill learns Corvet has written to a certain Alan Conrad, in Blue Rapids, Kansas, and exhibited strange agitation over the matter.

In 1896 they had noticed an advertisement for persons to care for a child; they had answered it to the office of the newspaper which printed it. In response to the letter a man called upon them and, after seeing them and going around to see their friends, had made arrangements with them to take a boy of three, who was in good health and came of good people. He paid in advance board for a year and agreed to send a certain amount every two months after that time. The man brought the boy; whom he called Alan Conrad, and left him. For seven years the money agreed upon came; now it had ceased, and papa had no way of finding the man—the name given by him appeared to be fictitious, and he had left no address except "general delivery, Chicago." Papa knew nothing more than that. He had advertised in the Chicago papers after the money stopped coming, and he had communicated with every one named Conrad in or near Chicago, but he had learned nothing. Thus, at the age of thirteen, Alan definitely knew that what he already had guessed—the fact that he belonged somewhere else than in the little brown house—was all that any one there could tell him; and the knowledge gave persistence to many internal questionings. Where did he belong? Who was he? Who was the man who had brought him there? Had the money ceased coming because the person who sent it was dead? In that case, connection of Alan with the place where he belonged was permanently broken. Or would some other communication from that source reach him some time—if not money, then something else? Would he be sent for some day?

Externally, Alan's learning the little that was known about himself made no change in his way of living; he went to the town school, which combined grammar and high schools under one roof; and, as he grew older, he clerked in one of the town stores during vacations and in the evenings. Alan always carried his money home as part payment of those arrears which had mounted up against him since the letters ceased coming. At seventeen, having finished high school, he was working officially in Merrill's general store, when the next letter came.

It was addressed this time not to papa, but to Alan Conrad. He seized it, tore it open, and a bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars fell out. There was no letter with the enclosure, no word of communication; just the draft to the order of Alan Conrad. Alan wrote the Chicago bank by which the draft had been issued; they replied showed that the draft had been purchased with currency, so there was no record of the identity of the person who had sent it. More than that amount was due for arrears for the seven years during which no money was sent, even when the total which Alan had earned was deducted. So Alan merely endorsed the draft over to "father"; and that fall Jim, Alan's foster brother, went to college. But, when Jim discovered that it was not possible for him to work his way through, Alan went also.

Four wonderful years followed. In companionship with educated people; ideas and manners came to him which he could not have acquired at home; athletics straightened and added hearing to his muscular, well-formed body; his pleasant, strong young face acquired self-reliance and self-control. Life became filled with possibilities for himself which it had never held before.

But on his day of graduation he had put away the enterprises he had planned and the dreams he dreamed and, conscious that his debt to father and mother still remained unpaid, he had returned to care for them; for father's health had failed and Jim, who had opened a law office in Kansas City, could do nothing to help.

No more money had followed the draft from Chicago and there had been no communication of any kind; but the receipt of so considerable a sum had revived and intensified all Alan's speculations about himself. The vague expectation of his childhood that sometime, in some way, he would be "sent for"; had grown during the last six years to a definite belief. And now—on the afternoon before—the summons had come.

This time, as he tore open the envelope, he saw that beside a check there was writing within—an uneven, nervous-looking but plainly legible communication. In longhand. The letter made no explanation. It told him, rather than asked him, to come to Chicago, gave minute instructions for the journey, and advised him to telegraph when he started. The

check was for a hundred dollars to pay his expenses. Check and letter were signed by a name completely strange to him.

He was a distinctly attractive looking lad, as he stood now on the station platform of the little town, while the eastbound train rumbled in, and he fingered in his pocket the letter from Chicago.

On the train he took the letter from his pocket and for the dozenth time read it. Was Corvet a relative? Was he the man who had sent the remittances when Alan was a little boy, and the one who later had sent the



On the Train He Took the Letter From His Pocket and for the Dozenth Time Read it.

Fifteen hundred dollars? Or was he merely a go-between, perhaps a lawyer? There was no letterhead to give aid in these speculations. The address to which Alan was to come was in Astor street. He had never heard the name of the street before. Was it a business street, Corvet's address in some great office building, perhaps? At Chicago Alan, following the porter with his suitcase from the car, stepped down among the crowds hurrying to and from the trains. He was not confused, he was only intensely excited. Acting by implicit accord with the instructions of the letter, which he knew by heart, he went to the uniformed attendant and engaged a taxicab—his own small experience; there would be no one at the station to meet him, the letter had said. He gave the Astor street address and got into the cab.

It had begun to snow heavily. For a few blocks the taxicab drove north past more or less ordinary buildings, then turned east on a broad boulevard where tall tile and brick and stone structures towered till their roofs were hidden in the snowfall. A strange stir and tingle, quite distinct from the excitement of the arrival at the station, pricked in Alan's veins, and he had known since his geography days, lay to the east of Chicago; therefore that void out there beyond the park was the lake or, at least, the harbor. A different air seemed to come from it; sounds. . . Suddenly it all was shut off; the taxicab, swerving a little, was dashing between business blocks; a row of buildings had risen again upon the right; they broke abruptly to show him a wooded

valley, a river full of ice with tug drooping its smokestack as it cut below the bridge which the cab crossed; buildings on both sides again; then, to the right, a roaring, heaving crashing expanse.

The sound, Alan knew, had been coming to him as an undertone for many minutes; now it overwhelmed, swallowed all other sound. It was great, not loud; all sound which Alan had heard before, except the howling of the wind over his prairies, came from one point; even the monstrous city murmur was centered in comparison with this. Over the lake, as over the land, the soft snowflakes lazily floated down, scarcely stirred by the slightest breeze; that roar was the voice of the water, that awful power its own.

Alan choked and gasped for breath, his pulse pounding in his throat; he had snatched off his hat and, leaning out of the window sucked the lake air in his lungs. There had been nothing to make him expect this overwhelming crash of feeling. The lake—he had thought of it, of course, as a great body of water, no interesting sight for a prairie boy to see; that was all. No physical experience in all his memory had affected him like this; and it was without warning; the strange thing that had stirred within him as the car brought him to the Drive down-town was strengthened now a thousand-fold; it amazed, half-frightened, half-dizzied him. Now, as the motor suddenly swung around a

corner and shut the sight of the lake from him, Alan sat back breathless.

The car swerved to the east curb about the middle of the block and came to a stop. The house before which it had halted was a large stone house of quiet, good design; it was some generation older, apparently, than the houses on each side of it, which were brick and terra cotta of recent fashionable architecture; Alan only glanced at them long enough to get that impression before he opened the cab door and got out; but as the cab drove away, he stood beside his suitcase looking up at the old house which bore the number given in Benjamin Corvet's letter, then around at the other houses and back to that again.

The neighborhood obviously precluded the probability of Corvet's being merely a lawyer—a go-between. He must be some relative; the question ever present in Alan's thought since the receipt of the letter, but held in check, as to the possibility and nearness of Corvet's relation to him, took sharper and more exact form now than he had dared to let it take before. Was his relationship to Corvet, perhaps, the closest of all relationships? Was Corvet his . . . father? He checked the question within himself, for the time had passed for mere speculation upon it now. Alan was trembling excitedly; for—wherever Corvet might be—the enigma of Alan's existence was going to be answered when he had entered that house. He was going to know who he was. All the possibilities, the responsibilities, the attachments, the opportunities, perhaps, of that person whom he was—but whom, as yet, he did not know—were before him. He went up the steps and, with fingers excitedly unsteady, he pushed the hall beside the door.

The door opened almost instantly—so quickly after the ring, indeed, that Alan, with a leap of his heart, knew that some one must have been awaiting him. But the door opened only half way; and the man who stood within, gazing out at Alan questioningly, was obviously a servant.

"What is it?" he asked, as Alan stood looking at him and past him to the narrow section of darkened hall which was in sight.

Alan put his hand over the letter in his pocket. "I've come to see Mr. Corvet," he said—"Mr. Benjamin Corvet."

"What is your name?"

Alan gave his name; the man repeated it after him, in the manner of a trained servant, quite without inflection. Alan, not familiar with such tones, waited uncertainly. So far as he could tell, the name was entirely strange to the servant, awakening neither welcome nor opposition, but indifference. The man stepped back, but not in such a manner as to invite Alan in; on the contrary, he half closed the door as he stepped back, leaving it open only an inch or two; but it was enough so that Alan heard him say to some one within: "He was here."

"Ask him in; I will speak to him." It was a girl's voice—this second one, a voice such as Alan never had heard before. It was low and soft but quite clear and distinct, with youthful, impulsive modulations and the manner of accent which Alan knew must go with the sort of people who lived in houses like those on this street.

The servant, obeying the voice, returned and opened wide the door.

"Will you come in, sir?"

Alan put down his suitcase on the stone porch; the man made no move to pick it up and bring it in. Then Alan stepped into the hall face to face with the girl who had come from the big room on the right.

She was quite a young girl—not over twenty-one or twenty-two, Alan judged; like girls brought up in wealthy families, she seemed to Alan to have gained young womanhood in far greater degree in some respects than the girls he knew, while, at the same time, in other ways, she retained more than they some characteristics of a child. Her slender figure had a woman's assurance and grace; her soft brown hair was dressed like a woman's; her gray eyes had the open directness of the girl. Her face—smoothly oval, with straight brows and a skin so delicate that at the temples the veins showed dimly blue—was not once womanly and youthful, and there was something altogether likable and simple about her, as she studied Alan now. She was slightly pale, he noticed, and there were lines of strain and trouble about her eyes.

"I am Constance Sherill," she announced. Her tone implied quite evidently that she expected him to have some knowledge of her, and she seemed surprised to see that her name did not mean more to him.

"Mr. Corvet is not here this morning," she said.

He hesitated, but persisted: "I was to see him here today, Miss Sherill. He wrote me, and I telegraphed him I would be here to-day."

"I know," she answered. "We had your telegram. Mr. Corvet was not here when it came, so my father opened it." Her voice broke oddly, and he studied her in indecision, wondering who that father might be that opened Mr. Corvet's telegrams.

"Mr. Corvet went away very suddenly," she explained. She seemed, he thought, to be trying to make something plain to him which might be a shock to him; yet herself to be uncertain what the nature of that shock might be. Her look was scrutinizing, questioning, anxious, but not unfriendly. "After he had written you and something else had happened—I think—to alarm my father about him, father came here to his house to look after him. He thought something might have . . . happened to Mr. Corvet here in his house. But Mr. Corvet was not here."

"You mean he has—disappeared?"

"Yes; he has disappeared."

Alan gazed at her dizzily. Benjamin Corvet—wherever he might be—had disappeared; he had gone. Did any one else, then, know about Alan Conrad?

"No one has seen Mr. Corvet," she said, "since the day he wrote to you. We knew that—that he became so disturbed after doing that—writing to you—that we thought you must

(Continued on page 3.)

NICKELL & SPARKS

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS
WEST LIBERTY, KY

Morgan County National Bank

OF CANNEL CITY, KY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS. \$ 50,000.00

RESOURCES, OVER 400,000.00

YOUR BUSINESS CORDIALLY SOLICITED

"HONOR ROLL BANK"

WE PAY 4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS

M. L. Conley, President. Custer Jones, Cashier

Joe C. Stamper, Vice President. Bertha J. Leslie, Asst. Cashier

X — C — L — E — A — N — S — H — O — W — S — X

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

M The films shown at the West Liberty Theatre M
are high-class and instructive. Clean and
C elevating. Bring the children. C

X Shows Eve. ry Saturday Night X

X J. M. Cottle, Proprietor. X

H — I — G — H — A — R — T — F — I — L — M — S

HAZEL GREEN BANK

If you have Money we want it

If you want Money we have it

HAZEL GREEN BANK

HAZEL GREEN, KY

WATCHES

CLEANED 50c. CRYSTALS. 15c.

Expert in Watch Repairing

TO THE TRADE

27 Years Experience on Complicated Swiss & American Watches

NO MATTER HOW BADLY BROKEN

Swiss Watches a Specialty—broken parts replaced

AT COST

REASONABLE PRICES, QUICK, ACCURATE SERVICE

W. B. LARKIN

Broadway, 5th door from Moving Picture Show

Jackson, Kentucky

COMMERCIAL BANK

West Liberty, Ky.

Capital and Surplus. \$36,000.00

Resources, over. 400,000.00

THE GROWING BANK.

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

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Nashville, Tenn.

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375,000 CIRCULATION

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Capital and Surplus. \$110,000.00

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Pay 4% on Time Deposits. Solicits your business on the basis of the most liberal terms consistent, with sound banking principles.

West Liberty, Ky., March 24, 1922.

At the regular term of the April Fiscal Court which will convene April 26th, 1922, the magistrates will elect a County Health Officer to serve for a period of the unexpired two year term that closes December 31, 1923, and I will receive bids from any physician who cares to make a bid. You will be required to do all the duties of County Health Officer, and give medical attention to the inmates of the county jail and poorhouse. Said bids must be sealed, and the man that elected will be certified to the State Board of Health and commissioned as the secretary of the County Board of Health of Morgan county.

JAMES V. HENRY,

Judge Morgan County Fiscal Court.

GUMPTION

Our Motto: One country, one flag, one wife at a time.
Our Aim: To tell the truth though the heavens fall.
Our Hope: To cure carelessness or kill the cusses.

By L. T. HOVERMALE.

MR. FORD AND THE JEWS.

In his newspaper, the Dearborn Independent, and in a series of books Mr. Henry Ford, maker of the Ford automobile, has been and is publishing a series of articles about the "International Jew," in which he contends that the Jews are organized to control every government on earth through the power of money, and some of the articles are interesting reading. Just how much basis for his contention Mr. Ford has we do not know, but some of the things he says, if true, are sufficiently alarming to cause the people to wake up.

Newspapers, magazines, and various other agencies have systematically tried to belittle Mr. Ford and to make a joke out of both him and his cars, but Mr. Ford goes ahead and refuses to be a joke and still sells more of his cars than all others combined. When antagonistic interests tried to cripple him financially he recouped in a manner that startled the world, and his management of the D. T. & I. railroad which he bought some time ago has been another thing to cause the big financiers to worry. Mr. Ford has forced the world of big business to take him seriously.

When he bought the D. T. & I. railroad it was practically bankrupt and was called 'two streaks of rust.' He immediately increased the wages of his men and reduced freight rates, railroad men waited for him to "go broke." But he did not. On the contrary the road has shown a profit from the beginning of Mr. Ford's management. He has demonstrated that he can make money by increasing wages and lowering freight rates. He had already demonstrated that he could make money building cheap automobiles and tractors.

In view of the above it is not safe to assume that the things Mr. Ford says about the Jews is idle talk or the dreams of a visionary man. He has demonstrated that he is an extremely practical man and his words are entitled to the consideration of the American people. Besides, he is solvent and could be held accountable for damages if he is not telling the truth. And if what he prints is true the country is in grave danger from the efforts of the Jew. He charges that they are systematically trying to destroy the Christian religion throughout the world, and some of the instances he gives of the things they have compelled high officials to do as, to say the least, is alarming.

Some power, some sinister influence, is preventing the government from accepting Mr. Ford's Mussel Shoal project, and indications are that the government will turn the project over to private capital to exploit the people, and the people to whom it seems the thing will be given are Jews. Mr. Ford's proposition to take the plant over and furnish fertilizer to the farmers at cost is being fought by the fertilizer trusts and other big interests, and they seem to have sufficient influence with the administration and with Congress to get their scheme through.

We have no brief for Mr. Ford, and are not taking up the cudgels for him, but there seems to be some reason in his arguments and his statements have the ring of truth and sincerity about them, and it would do the country no harm to have the matter thoroughly investigated and get at the real truth about it. If the Jews can force the various governments to eliminate all reference to Christianity, if they can force the boards who select the text books for the children to leave out all reference to Christmas and other Christian festivals, if they can force the government to cease to refer to this nation as a Christian nation, their power is great and dangerous.

Mr. Ford charges that the Jews have obtained control of the movies and the stage and have deliberately debased them in furtherance of their attacks on Christianity. He also charges that they have obtained control of the base ball interests and brought about bribery and almost killed the sport. In all these things he gives the names of the men accused and the circumstances surrounding their acts. He charges that the Jews have a secret order that has for its avowed purpose the overthrow of Christian religion and control of the government and gives some of the tenets of that order.

The charges that Mr. Ford makes against the Jew are of such nature, are of sufficient seriousness to attract the attention of the people at large and the truth or falsity of his allegations should be known. If we are menaced by the things he sets forth there is a real danger for all Christian institutions.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

All persons who have claims to file with the Fiscal Court at the April term will have to file them 10 days before the court convenes. The law requires the county attorney to investigate these claims before he O. K.'s them and no claim will be considered by the court that is not filed ten days before the court convenes.

All claims have to be sworn to, and no claim will be considered that is not properly verified.

LYNN B. WELLS,
County Attorney.

NOTICE TO ROAD OVERSEERS.

Notice is hereby given to all road overseers to work out their road, and get them in good condition as soon as possible, there has been so much wet weather this winter that the roads have gotten in worse shape than usual and it is more necessary that they be worked out early in the season this year, so please try and comply with this notice.

JAMES V. HENRY,
Judge Morgan County Court.

The Indian Drum

By William MacHarg
and Edwin Balmer

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Edwin Balmer

(Continued from page two.)

bring with you information of him."
"Information!"
"So we have been waiting for you to come here and tell us what you know about him—or your connection with him."

CHAPTER III

Discussion of a Shadow

Alan, as he looked confusedly and blankly at her, made no attempt to answer the question she had asked, or to explain. His silence and confusion, he knew, must seem to Constance Sherrill unwillingness to answer her; for she did not suspect that he was unable to answer her.

"You would rather explain to father than to me," she decided.
He hesitated. What he wanted now was time to think, to learn who she was and who her father was, and to adjust himself to this strange reversal of his expectations.
"Yes; I would rather do that," he said.

She caught up her fur collar and muffled from a chair and spoke a word to the servant. As she went out on to the porch, he followed her and stooped to pick up his suitcase.
"Stimmons will bring that," she said, "unless you'd rather have it with you. It is only a short walk."

They turned in at the entrance of a house in the middle of the block and went up the low, wide stone steps; the door opened to them without ring or knock; a servant in the hall within took Alan's hat and coat, and he followed Constance past some great potted plants upon his right to a smaller one farther down the hall.

"Will you wait here, please?" she asked.
He sat down, and she left him; when her footsteps had died away, and he could hear no other sound except the occasional soft tread of some servant, he twisted himself about in his chair and looked around. Who were these Sherrills? Who was Alan Corvet, and what was his relation to the Sherrills? What, beyond all, was their and Corvet's relation to Alan Corvet?

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JAMES V. HENRY,
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and his business partner as well," she explained.

He thought she was going to tell him something more about them; but she seemed to decide to leave that for her father to do. She crossed to the big chair beside the door and seated herself. As she sat looking at him, hands clasped beneath her chin, and her elbows resting on the arm of the chair, there was speculation and interest in her gaze; but she did not ask him anything more about himself.

She, he saw, was listening, like himself, for the sound of Sherrill's arrival at the house; and when it came she recognized it at once, rose, and excused herself. He heard her voice in the hall, then her father's deeper voice which, answered, and ten minutes later, he looked up to see the man these things had told him must be Sherrill standing in the door and looking at him.

"Alan had arisen at eight of him; Sherrill, as he came in, motioned him back to his seat; he did not sit down; himself, but crossed to the mantel and leaned against it.

"I am Lawrence Sherrill," he said. As the tall, graceful, thoughtful man stood looking down at him, Alan could tell nothing of the attitude of this friend of Benjamin Corvet toward himself. His manner had the same reserve toward Alan, the same questioning consideration of him, that Constance Sherrill had had after Alan had told her about himself.

"My daughter has repeated to me what you told her, Mr. Corvet," Sherrill observed. "Is there anything you want to add to me regarding that?"

"There's nothing I can add," Alan answered. "I told her all that I know about myself."

"And about Mr. Corvet?"
"I know nothing at all about Mr. Corvet."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Corvet," Sherrill said. "I had reason—I do not want to explain just yet what that reason was—for thinking you could tell us certain things about Mr. Corvet, which would, perhaps, make plain what has happened to him. When I tell you about him now, it is in the hope that, in that way, I may awake some forgotten memory of him in you; if not that, you may discover some coincidence of dates or events in Corvet's life with dates or events in your own. Will you tell me frankly, if you do discover anything like that?"

"Yes; certainly."
For several moments, Sherrill paced up and down before the fire; then he returned to his place before the mantel.

"I first met Benjamin Corvet," he commenced, "nearly thirty years ago. I had come West for the first time the year before; I was about your own age and had been graduated from college only a short time, and a business opening had offered itself here. Times were booming on the Great Lakes. Chicago, which had more than recovered from the fire, was doubling its population every decade; Cleveland, Duluth, and Milwaukee were leaping up as ports. Men were growing millions of bushels of grain which they couldn't ship except by lake; hundreds of thousands of tons of ore had to go by water; and there were tens of millions of feet of pine and hardwood from the Michigan forests. Sailing vessels, it is true, had been their day and were disappearing from the lakes; were being 'sold,' many of them, as the saying is, to the insurance companies by deliberate wrecking. Steamers were taking their place. Towing had come in. I felt, young man though I was, that this transportation matter was all one thing, and that in the end the railroads would own the ships. I have never engaged very actively in the operation of the ships; my daughter would like me to be more active in it than I have been; but ever since, I have had money in lake vessels. It was the year that I began that sort of investment that I first met Corvet."

Alan looked up quickly. "Mr. Corvet was—?" he asked.
"Corvet was—a lakeman," Sherrill said.

Alan sat motionless, as he recollected the strange exclamation that had come to him when he saw the lake for the first time. Should he tell Sherrill of that? He decided it was too vague, too indefinite to be mentioned; no doubt any other man used only to the prairie might have felt the same.

"He was a shipowner, then," he said.
"Yes; he was a shipowner—not, however, on a large scale at that time. He had been a master, sailing ships which belonged to others; then he had sailed one of his own. He was operating then, I believe, two vessels; but with the boom times on the lakes, his interests were beginning to expand. I met him frequently in the next few years, and we became close friends."

Sherrill broke off and stared an instant down at the rug. Alan bent forward, made no interruption but only watched Sherrill attentively.
"Between 1888, when I first met him, and 1895, Corvet laid the foundation of great success; his boats seemed lucky, men liked to work for him, and he got the best skippers and crews. There was a saying that in storm a Corvet ship never asked help; it gave it; certainly in twenty years no Corvet ship had suffered serious disaster. Corvet was not yet rich, but unless accident or undue competition intervened, he was certain to become so. Then something happened."

Sherrill looked away at evident loss how to describe it.
"To the ships?" Alan asked him.

"No; to him. In 1896, for no apparent reason, a great change came over him."

"In 1896?"
"That was the year."

Alan bent forward, his heart throbbing in his throat. "That was also the year when I was brought and left with the Weltons in Kansas," he said. Sherrill did not speak for a moment. "I thought," he said finally, "it must have been about that time; but you did not tell me your daughter the exact date."

"What kind of change came over him that year?" Alan asked.
Sherrill gazed down at the rug, then at Alan, then past him. "A change

in his way of living," he replied. "The Corvet line of boats went on, expanded; interests were acquired in other lines; and Corvet and those allied with him swiftly grew rich. But in all this great development, for which Corvet's genius and ability had laid the foundation, Corvet himself ceased to take active part. He took into partnership, about a year later, Henry Spearman, a young man who had been merely a mate on one of his ships. This proved subsequently to have been a good business move, for Spearman had tremendous energy, daring, and enterprise; and no doubt Corvet had recognized these qualities in him before others did. Since then he has been ostensibly and publicly the head of the concern, but he has left the management almost entirely to Spearman. The personal change to Corvet at that time is harder for me to describe to you."

Sherrill halted, his eyes dark with thought, his lips pressed closely together; Alan waited.

"When I saw Corvet again, in the summer of '96—I had been South during the latter part of the winter and East through the spring—I was impressed by the vague but, to me,



"That Was 1897."

alarming change in him. I was reminded, I recall, of a friend I had had in college who had thought he was in perfect health and had gone to an examiner for life insurance and had been refused, and was trying to deny to himself and others that anything could be the matter. But with Corvet I knew the trouble was not physical. The next year his wife left him."

"The year of—?" Alan asked.
"That was 1897. There was no question of their understanding and affection up to the very time she so strangely left him. She died in France in the spring of 1910, and Corvet's first information of her death came to him through a paragraph in a newspaper."

Alan had started; Sherrill looked at him questioningly.
"The spring of 1910," Alan explained, "was when I received the bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars."

Sherrill nodded; he did not seem surprised to hear this; rather it appeared to be confirmation of something in his own thought.
"Following his wife's leaving him," Sherrill went on, "Corvet saw very little of any one. He spent most of his time in his own house; occasionally he lunched at his club, at rare intervals, and always unexpectedly, he appeared at his office. I remember that summer he was terribly disturbed because one of his ships was lost. The Corvet record was broken; a Corvet vessel had not reached port. . . . And later in the fall, when two deckhands were washed from another of his vessels and drowned, he was again greatly wrought up, though his ships still had a most favorable record. In 1902 I proposed to him that I buy full ownership in the vessels I partly controlled and ally them with those he and Spearman operated. Since then, the firm name has been Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman."

"Our friendship had strengthened and ripened during those years. The intense activity of Corvet's mind, which as a younger man he had directed wholly to the shipping, was directed, after he had isolated himself in this way, to other things. I took up almost feverishly an immense number of studies—strange studies most of them for a man whose youth had been almost violently active and who had once been a hulk captain. I cannot tell you what they all were—geology, ethnology, nearly a score of scientific studies; he has given almost the whole of his attention to such things for about twenty years. But he has made very few acquaintances in that time, and has kept almost none of his old friendships. He has lived alone in the house on Astor street with only one servant—the same one all these years."

"The only house he has visited with any frequency has been mine. He has always liked my wife; he had—she has a great affection for my daughter, who, when she was a child, ran in and out of his home as she pleased. My daughter believes now that his present disappearance—whatever has happened to him—is connected in some way with herself. I do not think that is so."

Sherrill broke off and stood in thought for a moment; he seemed to consider, and to decide that it was not necessary to say anything more on that subject.

"Is there anything in what I have told you which makes it possible for you to recollect or to explain?"

Alan shook his head, flushed, and then grew a little pale. What Sherrill told him had excited him by the coincidences it offered between events in Benjamin Corvet's life and his own; it had not made him "recollect" Corvet, but it had given definiteness and direction to his speculations as to Corvet's relation to himself.

Sherrill drew one of the large chairs nearer to Alan and sat down facing him. He felt in an inner pocket and brought out an envelope; from the envelope he took three pictures, and handed the smallest of them to Alan. As Alan took it, he saw that it was a tintype of himself as a round-faced boy of seven.

"That is you?" Sherrill asked.
"Yes; it was taken by the photographer, in Blue Rapids."

"And this?"
The second picture, Alan saw, was one that had been taken in front of the barn at the farm. It showed Alan at twelve, in overalls and barefooted, holding a stick over his head at which a shepherd dog was jumping.

"Yes; that is I, Mr. Sherrill. It was taken by a man who stopped at the house for dinner one day; he liked me and wanted a picture of him; so he got me to make me jump, and he took it."

"Doesn't it occur to you that it was your picture he wanted, and that he had been sent to get it? I wanted your verification that these earlier pictures were of you, but this last one is easily recognizable."

Sherrill unfolded the third picture; it was larger than the others and had been folded across the middle to get it into the envelope. Alan leaned forward to look at it.
"That is the University of Kansas football team," he said. "I am the second one in the front row; I played and my junior year and tackle when I was a senior. Mr. Corvet—?"

"Yes; Mr. Corvet had these pictures. They came into my possession day before yesterday, the day after Corvet disappeared; I do not want to tell just yet how they did that."

Alan's face, which had been flushed at first, with excitement, had gone quite pale, and his hands, as he clenched and unclenched them nervously, were cold, and his lips were very dry. He could think of no possible relationship between Benjamin Corvet and himself, except one, which could account for Corvet's obtaining and keeping these pictures of him through the years.

"I think you know who I am," Alan said.
"You have guessed, if I am not mistaken, that you are Corvet's son."

The color flamed to Alan's face for an instant, then left it paler than before. "I thought it must be that way," he answered; "but you said he had no children."

"Benjamin Corvet and his wife had no children."

"I thought that was what you meant."

"A twinge twisted Alan's face; he tried to control it but for a moment could not.

"Do not misapprehend your father," Sherrill said quietly. "I cannot prevent what other people may think when they learn this; but I do not share such thoughts with them. There is much in this I cannot understand; but I know that it is not merely the result of what others may think it of a wife in more parts than one; as you will hear the lukemen put it. What lies under this is some great misadventure which had changed and frustrated all your father's life."

Sherrill crossed the room and rang for a servant.

"I am going to ask you to be my guest for a short time, Alan," he announced. "I have had your bag carried to your room; the man will show you which one it is."

Alan hesitated; he felt that Sherrill had not told him all he knew—that there were some things Sherrill purposely was withholding from him; but he could not force Sherrill to tell more than he wished; so after an instant's irresolution, he accepted the dismissal.

Sherrill walked with him to the door, and gave his directions to the servant; he stood watching, as Alan and the man went up the stairs. Then he went back and seated himself in the chair Alan had occupied, and sat with hands grasping the arms of the chair while he stared into the fire.

He seemed to be considering and debating something within himself; and presently he seemed to come to a decision. He went up the stairs and on the second floor he went to a front room and knocked. Alan's voice told him to come in. Sherrill went in and, when he had made sure that the servant was not with Alan, he closed the door carefully behind him.

Then he turned back to Alan, and for an instant stood indecisive as though he did not know how to begin what he wanted to say. As he glanced down at a key he took from his pocket, his indecision seemed to resolve itself, and inspiration from it; and he put it down on Alan's dresser.

"I've brought you," he said evenly, "the key to your house."

Alan gazed at him, bewildered. "The key to my house?"

"To the house on Astor street," Sherrill confirmed. "Your father deeded the house and its furniture and all its contents to you the day before he disappeared. I have not the deed here; it came into my hands the day before yesterday at the same time I got possession of the pictures which night or might not, for all I know then—be you. I have the deed downtown and will give it to you. The house is yours in fee simple, given you by your father, not bequeathed to you by him to become your property after his death. He meant by that, I think, even more than the mere acknowledgment that he is your father."

(The continuation of this interesting and absorbing story of mystery and triumph of right, "The Indian Drum," will appear in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber send in your name with \$1.50 and get on our list.)

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Fellowship.
It is for him that is lonely or in prison to dream of fellowship, but for him that is of a fellowship to do and not to dream.—William Morris.

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West Liberty, Ky.

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WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,
with an office on Main street, now offers his professional services to the people of the town and county.

Chronic Diseases and Minor Surgery a Specialty.

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Agents to sell the new Case Perfected Grip Speed Bands for Ford cars and trucks. Wonderful opportunity for the light man. None but Ford car owners considered. Write immediately for full details and particulars. Address The Case-Herron Motor Pump Co. 29 Warren St., Columbus, Ohio.

Seed of cowpeas and soy beans is cheap this year that every farmer a urged to plant a large part of his corn to soy beans, and sow as much as possible in cowpeas for hay or turning under. At present soy beans can be obtained in western Kentucky at low as \$1.50 per bushel, and cowpeas at southern points as low as 1.75 per bushel.

R. B. RANKIN,
County Agent.

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